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Pantheon

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Kokopelli whistles down the wind,
hunched back quivering.

Pan picks up the tune
and slides it around the Earth.

Lakshmi beams,
and the poppies bloom;
vast cornfields rise towards the sky,
where Saraswati pulls a cloud over the Sun
to shade the periwinkles
springing up.

Quan-Yin, not to be outdone,
noting the small kindness,
blows the rain clouds
over the parched desert,
while Parvati,
using the precious drops
coaxes the blooms from the cracked earth
dampening dark under thunder clouds.

Thor, delightedly, cracks a whip of lightning,
and the Three Pristine Ones
confer on the latest peace treaty
waking in the heart of a child in a Syrian refugee camp.

Mary strokes the head of a sick goat

on a Greek mountainside.

Francis, responding, gladdens the feelings
of a driver on a dog rescue team arrived
in time to intervene for the battered pitbulls.

Hermes flies, instantly, to deliver the message
to the dying man that he is forgiven.

And Buddha chortles at the sharing of merrymakers
as the Diwali lights string from Mumbai to Tokyo,
from Kamchatka to the Yukon Territory,
where Raven, seeing a bright pop of light
steals it in his beak and raises the dawn.

Brigid sends a shaft of healing light
to the struggling farmers in Nebraska.

Jesus smiles, and the rain clouds
shoot rainbows,

while Yemanjá praises the ocean cleaners
and protectors in their small boats,
nodding to Poseidon to calm the waves.

In tribute, five grey bottlenose dolphins
breach the Pacific waters,
shimmering light in a sweeping arc.

Ganesha waves his trunk
and the debris is cleared from
the mind of every world leader.